

# Sinead O'Connor, Untold Stories

While I'm Living  
Thanks I'll Be Giving  
To the Most High You know,

I am living while I am living to the father I will pray  
Only he knows how we get through everyday  
With all the hike in the price  
Arm and leg we have to pay  
While our leaders play

All I see people a rip and a rob and a grab  
Tief never love fe see tief wid long bag  
No love for the people who a suffer real bad  
Another toll to the poll may God help we soul  
What is to stop the youths from get out of control  
Full up of education yet no own no payroll  
The clothes on my back have countless eyehole.  
I could go on and on the full has never been told

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Who can afford to run will run  
But what about those who can't:they will have to stay  
Opportunity a scarce, scarce commodity  
In these times I say: When mama spend her last and send you go class  
Never you ever play  
It's a competitive world for low budget people,  
Spending a dime while earning a nickel  
With no regards to who it may tickle  
My cup is full to the brim  
I could go on and on the full has never been told

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The clothes on my back have countless eyehole  
Could go on and on and the full has never been told  
(On and On)  
Though this life keep getting me down  
Don't give up now  
Got to survive somehow  
Could go on and on and the full has never been told

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I could go on and on the full has never been told  
I could go on and on:  
The full has never:.

Been told...